

JÓN BJARNASON ACADEMY
YEAR BOOK

1936

Jón Bjarnason Academy

Year Book

1936

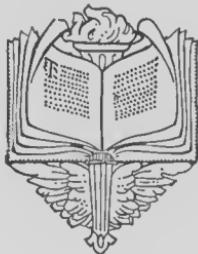




*Rev. Jón Bjarnason, D.D.
Father of the Icelandic Lutheran Synod of America and
founder of Jón Bjarnason Academy.*

Jón Bjarnason Academy

*Founded in 1913
by the Icelandic
Lutheran Synod
:: of America ::*



652 Home Street
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Jón Bjarnason Academy

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GENERAL INFORMATION

This school was founded by the Icelandic Lutheran Synod of North America in 1913 and was named after the best loved leader of the Icelandic people on this continent.

The Academy is now completing the 23rd year of its existence. During this time it has been functioning as a Christian secondary school with special opportunities for the study of Icelandic. It now includes four grades: nine to twelve, with particular emphasis on Gr. XII. We follow the curriculum prescribed by the Department of Education in its Programme of Studies. Our work is supervised every year by high school inspectors, and the Department conducts Final Examinations in our school for our students.

At the beginning, and for some years, all the students were Icelandic, while now our largest group is the British-Canadian. We welcome all nationalities. We work for friendship among all, and our students respond to that aim perfectly.

The Academy has from the beginning been a monument to the conviction that Christianity is an essential factor in true education. This remains unchanged in spite of the fact that we are now an independent, non-denominational institution, no longer sponsored by the Synod.

Although we are a small school we have a large and an increasing circle of friends. May this continue to grow.

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The Norse Heroic Ideal in Icelandic Literature

*By Rt. Rev. C. V. PILCHER, D.D.
Coadjutor Bishop of Sydney, Australia*

On an evening of early August a pilgrim from Toronto stood upon the slopes of Hlitharendi and feasted his eyes upon one of the classic scenes of Iceland's story. Valley and mountain and river and sea lay before him, glorious in the light of an arctic sunset.

Ever since noon (for in summer time the active life of Iceland's capital begins not long before the moment when the sun is highest) we had been bumping in a Chevrolet car, crammed beyond all belief with people and with packages, over the somewhat rough roads of Iceland's new highway system. We had moved to the east over the relatively level country of Reykjavík's "Campagna"—for Reykjavík, as Rome, lies on a plain girt round by mountains—until we reached the massif of Hengill, visible from Reykjavík as the Alban hills from Italy's capital. We had climbed the pass; traversed a weird inferno-like region of lava; descended the road, cut down the further sheer face of the cliff in a series of perilous diagonals; we had skirted a district of hot springs; had crossed the suspension bridges over two of Iceland's largest rivers; had splashed through the shallower streams which threaded their way from the region of Hekla across a plain of black sand; and then at length, as the late arctic evening fell, we had arrived, as we have already noted, at the classic homestead of Hlitharendi. The view from this point was magnificent and unique. Behind us, as we faced east, rose the lower grassy slopes of the mountain which forms the western flank of the valley. In front of us down the valley from the north flowed the famous Markarfljót, already dividing into the innumerable streams of its delta; while across the valley to the east towered aloft the superb mountain mass of Eyjafjalla Jökull, rising sheer from its base to its broad dome of eternal snow. To the south, beyond the flat delta land, lay the sea, from the calm summer surface of which rose, like a group of Norman castles, the rocky forms of the Western Isles. The unique loveliness and majesty of the scene alone would be sufficient to draw hither across many an ocean any traveller with a passion for the beauty of the world. But coupled with the wonder of this place are the imperishable memories of men and women of mighty spirit, whose story yet lives for us in the pages of Iceland's greatest classic Saga. It was here at Hlitharendi that

the peerless Gunnar dwelt with his wife, Hallgerda, at onee so fair and so false; it was here that he met his heroic end, battling alone against a host of foes. It was at the farmstead of Bergthorshvol, visible from our vantage point as two twin mounds away to the south on the flat delta land, that Njál himself and his family awaited their fate by burning, as their enemies fired the farmstead. Over the whole region yet lingers the undying light of the Norse heroic ideal. The Saga has conquered time.

It may be well at this point, to say a word in general explanation of that literature, whose chief interest, for those who believe that the proper study of mankind is man, is found in its heroic portraiture. The classic Icelandic Saga may be deseribed as a prose epic telling of the deeds of the Heroic Age of Iceland. From the year 874 A.D. when the first settler, the Norwegian Ingólf, landed at Reykjavík, the tide of Norse immigration to Iceland, part of the great Scandinavian expansion, flowed in free and increasing flood. The Althingi, the national parliament of the island, was founded in 930—object of the millenary celebrations of six years ago. The wave of settlement had begun to spend itself towards the end of the century, but Iceland's Heroic Age may be said to have lasted to the year 1030, when St. Olaf fell on the stricken field of Stiklestad in Norway. The men who in this brief period colonized Iceland consisted largely of the Norwegian aristocracy, flying from the growing and ever more centralized power of the Norwegian kings. They were, many of them, men acquainted with the whole Scandinavian world, and we do well to recall that Scandinavian activity and exploration extended at that time from the Arctic Circle to the Mediterranean sea, and from Russia and Constantinople in the east to lands which lay beyond the western ocean and the setting sun—lands called by us Greenland and Labrador and Nova Seotia. It is the exploits of men such as these that form the subject matter of the Sagas.

We have called the Saga a prose epic. More exactly it is a tale told by the story-teller for the pastime of his audience. Icelandic winter nights are long, and men and women craved for some diversion, or, as Shakespeare calls it in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "abridgement" of the time. The story-teller took the place now occupied by the radio-announcer and his entertainers.

The Heroic Age of Iceland has lasted, as we have seen, about one hundred and fifty years. This epoch was followed by a period of about one hundred years, roughly from 1030 to 1130, during which the sagas or tales of the great men of yore were told by word of mouth and passed from lip to lip. This period we call the Story-Telling Age. After the year 1130 followed another period, lasting approximately one hundred and fifty years, known as the Writing Age. It was during these years that the oral tradition was set down upon the written

page, sometimes being ordered and embellished and transmuted in the process by writers whose ability places them in the very front rank of authors of all time. One such was the anonymous but consummate artist who gave its final form to the *Saga of Burnt Njál*.

So the *Saga Literature* blossomed and flowered and died, efflorescent in a vanishing period of time, for it was the child of certain heroic conditions which occurred once in the history of the Northern Race and can never occur again. As the poems of Homer would only arise in the early age of Greek history; as ancient Tragedy needed for its birth the glorious and the world-outlook of Periclean Athens; as our own Shakespearian Drama could only come into being in the spacious days of great Elizabeth, so it was also with the literary activity of Iceland. The *Saga* was a child of its period. There never had been before, and there never would be after, a similar product of human genius in the history of the world.

It is not our intention in this article to describe the special form and rules which governed this genre of literature. It is our purpose in this article to devote our attention to one theme only—a theme running like a thread of gold through the whole *Saga literature*—the characterization, not through psychological analysis but by record of word and deed, of what we have already called the *Norse Heroic Ideal*. Let us endeavor to explain the elements of the most splendid attitude of soul in presence of the changes and chances of this mortal life.

It was a deeply rooted conviction of the northern mind that all things moved to an ultimate tragedy. One of the greatest of the *Eddaic* poems, the *Völuspá* or *Prophecy of the Sibyl*, tells the doom of the gods themselves. A day was coming, so the prophetess foreknew, when the primitive forces of chaos and of disorder would again be let loose against the higher powers which stood for the ordered universe of man. Odin and Thor and the other divinities of the *Asgard* circle, supported by the fallen warriors who had been carried by the Valkyries to the halls of *Valhalla*, would meet the opposite forces of evil in the last great battle of time and would go down to defeat in the day of *Ragnarok*, the *Götterdämmerung*, or *Twilight of the Gods*. For men likewise there awaited the inevitable end. In the solemn words of *Hávamál*, another of the *Eddaic* poems:

“Cattle die, kindred die;
So a man dies himself.”

For even if spears give quarter, old age does not. In the long run the material forces of the universe will crush the boldest and the bravest and the best. How then may a man conquer in this battle in which his ultimate defeat is inevitable? He may conquer, said the Norsemen of old, by the freedom of his will and by his indomitable spirit which meets the blows of

fate, bloody but unbowed. More than this, the completeness of the victory of the human spirit is manifested by the grace, the aesthetic beauty, the gladness with which a man marches to meet his end. Odin himself was believed to have said: "Every man should be cheerful and glad, even till he suffers death." This injunction of the great captain of their lives was obeyed by countless Norsemen up to and in their last hour. It is, however, to us of British origin a matter of interest that the most remarkable statement in all Germanic literature of this spirit of the Teutonic race is found in an Anglo-Saxon poem, "The Battle of Maldon." There Byrhtwald, fighting to the end, calls to the little band of his men who still surround him: "The mind must be the harder, the heart the keener, the spirit the greater, as our strength grows less." So it was at Hastings in 1066 when Harold and his housecarls died to a man under their Dragon Standard. In Iceland something of this heroic spirit lingered on into Christian times. Hallgrím Pétursson, Iceland's poet of the Passion who lived in the seventeenth century, met his death through the dread disease of leprosy, composing to the end hymns of triumphant faith. The spirit was undefeated. When Einar Jónsson, the sculptor of modern Iceland, was commissioned to undertake the erection of the national memorial to the great religious poet of his people, he had to decide the method of representation. Should he picture the poet triumphant upon his bed of leprosy, or should he represent him in the flower of his age as the great Christian Psalmist of Iceland? The sculptor decided, with true artistic instinct, to do both. The heroic element could not be ignored. And so at the foot of the pedestal he represented Hallgrím raising himself upon his bed in the death agony, while on the summit of the pedestal he placed a figure of the same Hallgrím in the bloom of manhood, bearing aloft in one hand the cross, in the other the harp. Behind, on the lower steps of the monument, crowd after him in ever growing numbers the children of his people, following the great Christian poet as with incomparable song he leads them by the way of the Cross towards the light.

Note further. This Norse heroic ideal is possessed of a peculiar flavour, of a distinctive characteristic all its own. It is true that there is a large element common to all bravery. Brave men recognize each other everywhere. One recalls the Arabian Lawrence's splendid panegyric upon the courage of the little groups of German soldiery who stood like rocks amid the swirling ebb-tide of the Turkish rout, loading and firing, though all was lost, with a precision learnt on some far-off parade ground of the northern German Fatherland. Bravery everywhere is bravery; heroism is heroism. And yet courage may be of varied types. It may bear the characteristics of a race. The Norse heroic ideal is distinctive.

The courage of both Greece and Rome in the historic

period was largely a public courage. It was based upon loyalty to the Polis or Urbs Roma. It was the thought of Sparta which kept Leonidas and his three hundred faithful to the last at Thermopylae. If they stood firm "Sparta's fair fame was not blotted from the earth." The Roman Regulus returned to the face of the Carthaginian torture lest the dread thought prove true—'O magna Carthago, probrosis altior Italiac ruinis!' In contrast to this spirit of patriotism the Norse courage was personal, and was closely linked with the personal relationships.

Again, the Greek valour portrayed in the Homeric poems is definitely of a more feminine type than the Norse. No Norse warrior would ever have cried aloud, "Ah me!"—he would have scorned such an exhibition of weakness. Nor did he look for the miraculous intervention of some god to rescue his human favourite from the onset of dark death. We read in the Iliad (21 136, 137) that, on the approach of Achilles, "a trembling seized Hector as he was aware of him, nor endured he to abide in his place, but left the gates behind him and fled in fear." No Viking would have so behaved. However overwhelming the odds he would have stood his ground, at once blithe and grim to the end. The wild North Sea grew a harder breed of men than the smiling Mediterranean.

But it is high time for us to cull from the Sagas a few instances of this Norse courage, at once so strong and so beautiful; so personal, and so closely knit up with personal relationships. In a rich garden we may only pick some of the fairest flowers.

The Laxdæla Saga reaches one of its culminating points in the narrative of the death of Kjartan. This warrior was one of the lovers of Gudrun, and his love was returned. But his foster-brother, Bolli, had by a trick robbed him of his bride. Gudrun is now Bolli's wife, and cannot endure the humiliations brought upon her husband by the man she loves. She instigates Bolli to set an ambush for Kjartan. Kjartan disposes of the others in the fight and at last stands alone in the presence of Bolli. With the words "It seems to me much better to get my death at your hand, kinsman, than to slay you," the hero casts away his weapons, and unarmed and unresisting, receives the death-blow from the man who has already stolen away the woman of his heart. Quixotic? Possibly, but superbly grand!

The Saga of Grettir the Strong records a magnificent instance of the devotion of a younger brother. Grettir, the Icelandic Hercules, long an outlaw, makes his last stand on Drangey, the islet in the Arctic Ocean. He is accompanied by his younger brother, Illugi, and a thrall. By this man's negligence the foe scale the steep rock-cliff and falling upon the sick Grettir, slay him. Illugi had put up a magnificent

defenee of his brother, and is offered his life by the foemen upon a certain condition. One of the leaders said to him, "I will show how great a loss I consider your death would be by sparing your life if you will swear by your honour to take no vengeance upon any person who has been with us on this expedition." "I might have been willing to discuss the matter," Illugi said, "if Grettir had been able to defend himself or if you had killed him in honourable battle. But now you need not hope that I will try to save my life by becoming a poltroon like you. I tell you at once that if I live no man shall be more burdensome to you than I. Long will it be before I forget how you have dealt with Grettir; far sooner do I choose to die." When told that his death was determined upon he only laughed and said: "Now you have resolved upon that which was nearest to my heart."

An even more striking example of our theme is given in the exquisite little gem of Northern writing, known as "Gunnlaug's Saga." Gunnlaug has been robbed of the love of his youth, Helga the Fair, by the unscrupulous Hrafn. The inevitable duel is arranged, in which Gunnlaug severely wounds his rival. The stricken man, in an agony of thirst, pleads for a drink. As Gunnlaug stoops to hand him the boon, the traitor strikes. Gunnlaug had known the risk which he was running, but took it, rather than show himself unfeeling to a fallen enemy. He lost his wife and his life, but he had saved his soul.

We shall now turn to study this same heroic spirit as portrayed for us in the outstanding Saga of Icelandic Literature, the great Saga of Burnt Njál—that Saga which to the thought of Iceland's folk holds something of the value of an Iliad or an Aeneid, towering above the literature of the years, supreme. This, our final example, we must consider at somewhat greater length and in more detail.

The two heroes of the Saga are, as we have already seen, Gunnar, who lived at Hlítharendi, and his friend Njál, Iceland's greatest lawyer, a man of peaceful and Christian spirit, who lived at Bergthorshvol, on the flat delta land to the south of his friend's farin. To pass over much that for a full understanding of the story it would be necessary to record, let it suffice to say that at length Gunnar met, on the occasion of the annual assembling of the Althingi, the beautiful but utterly unscrupulous Hallgerda. She had already been married twice, and her character was well known. In spite of Njál's warning Gunnar was determined upon the match. Hallgerda almost immediately found cause of quarrel with Njál's wife, Bergthora; yet, although murder after murder was perpetrated by members of the respective groups, Njál and Gunnar refused to be alienated. Atoneinent money was paid first by one and then by the other generously and without hesitation. At length Hallgerda sent one of her men to steal cheese from a neighboring

farm during a time of food scarcity. Gunnar discovered what his wife had done and gave her, in a moment of indignation, a slap on the face. She retorted that she would never forget that slap. Killing succeeded killing, Gunnar invariably being the attacked and the provoked party. In the end, however, as the result of several deaths which he had caused when defending himself against the wanton onslaught of a crowd of enemies, he was outlawed from Iceland. Njál advised him to go abroad and to return only when the period of his outlawry was over. Gunnar prepared himself for the voyage, but as he was riding down from Hlítharendi to the waiting ship his horse stumbled and threw him. He fell with his face towards his home, and looking up saw the beauty of the scene which he loved so well. "Fair is the hillside," were the words which broke from his lips, "it hath never seemed to me fairer—golden are the corn fields, and the hay is mown—I will ride home and fare away never." This breach of the terms gave Gunnar's enemies the opportunity for which they were waiting. From all sides they gathered, and, after slaying Gunnar's faithful Irish hound, surrounded the farm. For a long time Gunnar kept them at bay with his arrows, but at length a man leapt upon the roof and succeeded in cutting Gunnar's bow-string. What followed let the Sagaman tell in his own incomparable style. "Gunnar said to Hallgerda, 'Give me two locks of thy hair' (Hallgerda had throughout her life been noted for the beauty and abundance of her hair) 'and do thou and my mother plait them together to make a bow string for me.' 'Doth ought lie on it for thee?', saith she. 'My life lies on it,' saith he, 'for they can never get to close quarters with me as long as I may use my bow.' 'Then shall I now,' saith she, 'remind you of the slap in the face; and I care not at all whether thou defendest thyself for a long or a short time.' 'Every man hath something of which to boast,' saith Gunnar, 'and I shall ask thee no more for this'." So Gunnar, rather than be discourteous to an unnatural wife, met gaily and blithely his end. He had proved himself faithful to the moral code of his race.

The years passed by, and a company of foemen, bent on the sacred duty of blood-revenge, surrounded the homestead of Njál at Bergþorshvol. Such was the tragic culmination of a series of crimes. The sons of Njál, high spirited and proud Viking warriors, had been guilty of two slayings. The latter of these had been particularly atrocious, as the victim was their own guileless and gentle-spirited adopted brother. They had been led to perpetrate the crime through misunderstandings, deliberately sown between them and their adopted brother by the malignant jealousy of a certain Mord—son of the second marriage of that woman who long ago had been divorced from her first husband, in consequence of the physical incompatibility of which the Saga at its opening tells. Thus the mysterious chain of causation, partly in the natural world, partly

in the world of spirit, as a consequence of the violation of the moral law, brought about the inevitable retribution, involving alike the innocent and the guilty. Whatsoever a man sows that he also reaps, not only in his own person, but also in the lives of many who are bound to him by various ties. It is because the *Njál Saga* emphasizes this tremendous and solemn fact that it is regarded as a sacred book by the Icelandic race. And so, to pick up the story's thread, it came about that Flosi, the father-in-law of the murdered Hauskuld, with a large body of men who gathered at his call, approached the homestead of *Njál* with the intention of reeking the blood-revenge upon his sons. They found *Njál* and his sons, and all the serving men to the number of about thirty, drawn up in array to meet them. Flosi's band halted in hesitation in presence of this ordered battle line, for few warriors in Iceland, if any, were braver or more expert in arms than the sons of *Njál*. At this moment, however, *Njál* for the first time in his life gave a piece of thoroughly bad advice. He informed his sons that it was his will that they should await the attack within the house rather than outside. Skarphéthinn, *Njál*'s eldest son, saw the unwisdom of his father's counsel. He pointed out that in the open they would probably be more than a match for their foes, but that, once shut up within the house, their battle skill would be unavailing. The enemy would assuredly fire the farmstead and the family would be stifled indoors like foxes in the earth. Let the Sagaman continue the tale. "*Njál* said, 'Now, as often, my sons, do ye oppose my counsel and show me no honour, but when ye were younger ye did not so, and then it went better with you.' Helgi said, 'Let us do as our father wills; that will be the best for us.' 'I am not sure of that,' said Skarphéthinn, 'for now he is fey. But well may I do this to please my father's mood and be burnt indoors with him, for I fear not my death'." Thus these warriors, rather than oppose the misguided whim of an aged father whom they loved went without protest to what they knew would be a death by burning.

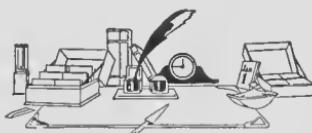
Their judgment was proved to have been sound. In a moment the company of the foemen had surrounded and fired the house. Flosi, however, the leader of the Burners, had himself a great respect and affection for the magnificent head of the family, *Njál*. He had come to fulfill, as we have seen, the sacred duty of blood-revenge upon *Njál*'s sons, but he was anxious to give the old man himself and his wife an opportunity of escape. He went to the door and calling out to *Njál* said that he wished to speak to him and to Bergthora, his wife. Again the Sagaman shall continue: "*Njál* did so. Flosi said, 'I will offer thee a chance to go out for thou dost not deserve to burn indoors.' *Njál* said, 'I will not go out, for I am an old man and am little able to avenge my sons, but I will not live in shame.' Flosi said to Bergthora: 'Go thou out, housewife, for I will for no sake burn thee indoors.' Bergthora

said: 'I was given away to Njál young; and I have promised him that one end shall overwhelm us both.' After that they both went within. Bergthora said: 'What counsel shall we now take?' 'We will go to our bed,' said Njál, 'and lay us down.' She then said to the boy, Thord Karason, 'I will carry thee out and thou shalt not burn within.' 'One thing hath thou promised me, grandmother,' said the boy, 'that we should never separate, and so it shall be. I think it is far better to die with you twain, than to live after.' Then she carried the boy to the bed. Njál said to his steward: 'Now shalt thou see where we lay us down and how I lay us out, for it is my purpose not to move hence, howsoever smoke or flame may pain me. So mayest thou guess where to seek for our bones.' He said that so it should be. An ox had been killed and its hide lay there. Njál bade the steward to spread the hide over them, and he promised so to do. Now they lay themselves down both of them in the bed and placed the boy between them; then they signed themselves and the boy with the sign of the cross and committed their souls into the hand of God. Those were the last words that man heard them speak." Old man and woman and child alike had understood and responded to the Norse heroic ideal.

Before the writer on a study table lies a small block of black lava picked up from the supposed tomb or howe of Gunnar at Hlitharendi. It serves to recall a sacred spot where—

"Mid the gray grassy dales,
Sore seared by the running streams,
Lives the tale of the Northland of old
And the undying glory of dreams."

For in that region, visible to one sweep of the traveller's eye, lived and died men and women who had shiningly fulfilled the high demands of the Norse heroic ideal—men and women who were assuredly, in one aspect of their character at least, not far from that kingdom which those alone can enter who obey the stern and challenging condition which makes victory the guardian of suffering, life the issue of death, the crown the fulfillment of the cross.





BOTTOM ROW (left to right)—Blair Dowling, Stanley Fultz, Ruth Lyon, Elizabeth Jackson, Elizabeth Hartig, Ella Eliasson, Kathleen Coulthard, Solrun Johnson, Margaret McDougall, Frances McLean, Janet Porter, Irene Campbell, Stephen Slinger, Barney Benson.

SECOND ROW—Lily Bailey, Joyce Fallow, Jean Small, Eva Stewart, Gladys Dowling, Betty Cassidy, Muriel Whitney, Margaret Paulson, Mary Frizzley, Anne Fastuch, Mary Verhoeft.

THIRD ROW—Thorburn Ingaldson, Arthur O'Brian, Robert Harvey, Albert Meers, Peter Kozoriz, Paul Halldorson, Gordon Eastlick, Herbert Hartig, Maurice Moor, Henry Bialuski, Robert Ross, Ralph Litchfield, Anthony Romanow, Jonas Thorsteinson, George Ross, Norman Galloway.

FOURTH ROW—James Snidal, Harold Guest, Gordon Chunn, Ogier Thorsteinson, Gordon Edwards, Bill Bovie, Harry Edwards, Gordon Lyons, Harry Lyons, Ogier Thorsteinson.

Lake Winnipeg--The Muddy Water

By H. C. KNOX, B.A.

Teacher of Chemistry, Daniel McIntyre School, Winnipeg.

We are all apt to think that which lies far away is interesting and that which lies at our door is commonplace. When we think of the great waters of the world, we never consider those of Manitoba. The Great Lakes of Canada are those of the St. Lawrence chain. It just never occurs to us that Lake Winnipeg has about two thousand more square miles than Lake Ontario, and that it has its own interest in character and history as well as the better advertised waters to the East. So let us look at our lake to see what it is really like, and what has been its story.

It is like a line dividing East from West. It belongs to neither, for on one side is the level prairie stretching to the Rockies while on the other is the Canadian Shield, reaching to the Atlantic. The streams flowing in from the East are dark and clear, while those from the West and South are the muddy prairie rivers. All of these drain an immense area. It stretches on the West to the crests of the Rockies, on the East nearly to Lake Superior while to the south its head waters mingle with those of the Mississippi five hundred miles away. Slowly these southern and western rivers are filling up the lake and some geologic ages hence this pale descendant of Lake Agassiz, which covered 110,000 square miles to its nine thousand will be a duck haunted marsh.

It has two main differences from the Eastern lakes. It has nowhere a greater depth than one hundred feet while the average is not much more than ten feet. Lake Superior is nearly a thousand feet deep. The other great difference is the muddiness of its waters. It is those prairie streams that make it dirty, although its shallowness also helps, the bottoms being stirred by every storm.

That lesser depth does not mean that it is a safer lake than the Eastern ones, but rather that it is the more to be feared. Deep waters stir slowly with the storm and the waves move in long rollers. The Winnipeg shallows are quickly roused and the waves go in short sharp breakers which wash over a small boat. The history of the lake has been one of disaster ever since the days of the birch bark.

That shallow water, however, means that it warms up much more quickly than deeper lakes. Superior with its thousand feet is always cold, but give Winnipeg a month of warm weather

and it has changed from a freezing temperature to one quite pleasant for bathing. There are other effects of this shallowness—one of which we could well dispense with. Its summer temperature of over sixty is an ideal one for certain species of Algae or primitive plant life. That is the green scum that may float on the surface to spoil the bathing in August. It is this algae which forms the food for the small fry upon which the whitefish and goldeyes feed. The other effect is the presence of fish flies. These only breed in water less than fifty feet deep, so that the greater part of the lake is their breeding ground.

The Indian tradition attached to it accounts for its muddy nature and its name—Wini—dirty and pi—water. They say there was a spirit in the Lake who was always tormenting them. After much trouble an old woman succeeded in catching him and called in all her friends to help punish him, leaving him in so filthy a condition that it took all the water of his lake to clean him. Since then the water has been muddy.

It is probable, though, that it was gouged out by glacial action. While Lake Agassiz existed it drained to the south, but eventually the waters escaped to the north and the three prairie waters merely fill up the deeper places in the bottom of their great predecessor.

Its history has been varied enough although it has never been the scene of any battle. It was of course an Indian highway and source of food, as it is today. The first white man to see it was probably one of the La Verendrye expedition when they came down the Red River in 1734. Later it was a French path between the Lake of the Woods and the West. After the French the Nor'Westers came to replace them. It was their road from the Winnipeg River to the Saskatchewan and the Red. You read in all sorts of old journals of how one stopped for the night on Willow Point, another lost a canoe in crossing the Narrows and another was 'degraded' or wind bound at Grand Marais. So the canoes moved over it between those rivers and the later York Boats of the Hudson's Bay Company moved in or out from Norway House loaded with ninety pound packets of furs or trade goods. To quote D. A. Stewart of Ninette:

"McTavishes, MacKenzies, MacDonalds, and McGillivrays,
With packages of blanket cloth, with duffel coats and spirit
dregs, . . .

Steel knives, flint locks, bear's grease and powder kegs,
Adventuring and trading, exploring the North and Western Seas
Hardy men, wilful men, these."

In the years about 1812 there was a new activity. Weary men, women and children crowded into the boats at the north end of the lake to cover the last stage towards their land of promise. There were, unfortunately, those other movements when discouraged settlers, driven out by the quarrels of the

fur traders made their way back to Norway House or towards the Winnipeg River to leave the West forever.

The union of the two great fur companies in 1821 meant a great change in the Lake as it did throughout the entire West. The York boats were far more efficient than the north canoes and the shorter route to the Bay less expensive than the long trail to Montreal. Norway House became the great entrepot of the fur trade and its capital. There came the princes of the fur trade to meet their emperor—Sir George Simpson. There met the brigades of boats which carried the goods and furs throughout the whole north-west. It was one of the best organized trade arrangements in the world. The canoes were now only expresses carrying the emperor or the chief factors through the West. These, paddled by gaily garbed voyageurs working from before dawn till late at night sent the top-hatted Sir George over the lake on schedule. This was the only colour on the lake till the coming of the regulars in 1846. Boundary troubles were smouldering and the British government for high reasons of strategy sent a force of 400 men along the lake from Norway House to guard the Red River flank. So its shores resounded to bugle notes while the cannon muzzles pointed over the ends of the barges and the shakoed soldiers showed over the sides of the York Boats. Then for over twenty years it was quiet again, with the regular journeys of the great company. Its wide beaches were undisturbed and only an occasional shot in fall disturbed the ducks of its marshes. The only other white intruders were a settler or so down from the Forks for the fall fishing or a wandering missionary searching for some nomadic tribe.

In 1870 came the Wolseley expedition on its way to quieten the storm along the Red River. Men hardened by months of toil, came down the Winnipeg River past Fort Alexander—the old Fort Bas de La Riviere of the French on their rapid way to Fort Garry—pausing only to camp for one night on the north shore of Elk Island.

The flood of settlement which followed affected it but slowly. Before the railway was built, steamers plied to the Saskatchewan and up that river into the interior—part of the 1885 expedition going that way. That phase soon ended. The railway finished the traffic on the Saskatchewan and the Lake was no longer the Main Street of the West. A new traffic grew up from the Red as steamers came down to take back lumber and fish for growing cities. Some of the pioneers of this are still living.

In 1875 came the first settlers to the lake itself when the pioneer Icelandic contingent floated northward along the west shore in their barges, hoping to found a new Iceland. There they hung on grimly in spite of cold, disease and death. A saga could be written of the struggles of many who are still

living—struggles, less picturesque perhaps, but no less heroic than those of the old sagas. Upon one industry these people have put their imprint. They have been the fishermen of the lake. That has called for toil, suffering, frequent but seldom heard of heroism, and—unfortunately of later years—for privation, as its rewards have not been commensurate with the energy the work requires. The old individual fisherman has been replaced by the fleet of motor boats controlled from New York or Chicago and it has become destructive of the man who does the work.

So the lake changes. The shriek of the locomotive carrying tired week-enders to their summer cottages, sounds along its shores. The steamers carry great barrels of gasoline and oil to the planes of the north country. The planes themselves follow the shore of the great lake to the mines. It changes, almost as all things change. But the sunsets of orange and gold over the quiet lake are the same today as they have been for untold thousands of years.



Matthias Jochumsson, D.D.

(1835—1935)

Matthias Jochumsson--Icelandic Poet and Translator

By PROFESSOR RICHARD BECK, Ph.D.
The University of North Dakota

The nineteenth century, especially after 1830, is a remarkable period in the history of Icelandic literature. It was an era of a national awakening generally. And that awakening is not least reflected in a richer and more varied literary production than Iceland had possessed for centuries. Without minimizing the fructifying influence of the native literary tradition, continued interest in which now was renewed and strengthened, it is safe to assert that vitalizing foreign influences also played an important part.

The Romantic Movement is here of first importance. And its influence on Icelandic literature, where its excesses are rarely in evidence, was by and large very wholesome. With its love of beauty it developed on the part of the Icelandic poets of the day a greater appreciation of the scenic grandeur of their native land. Similarly, with its interest in things old and remote, Romanticism gave to these poets a deeper understanding, and a resultant greater love of their national heritage—their language, history, and ancient literature.

Matthías Jochumsson was the product of that interesting period in the history of Icelandic letters, as his original works unmistakably reveal. For half a century, from about 1865 until his death in 1920, he was the leading poet of his nation; which is high praise indeed when it is borne in mind that during this period a large number of uncommonly gifted lyric poets appeared on the literary stage in Iceland.¹ He enjoyed moreover, while still living, such popularity among his countrymen, respect and admiration alike, as has probably been the lot of no other Icelandic poet, past or present. Then it is not surprising that

¹ About them see: J. C. Poestion, *Islandische Dichter der Neuzeit*, Leipzig, 1897 and *Eislandbluten*, *Ein Sammelbuch Neu-Islandischer Lyrik*, Leipzig und München, 1904; Olaf Hansen, *Ny-Islandsk Lyrik*, Köbenhavn, 1901, and *Udvalgte Islandske Digte*, 1919; Halldór Hermannsson, *Icelandic Authors of To-day (Islandica VI)*, Ithaca, New York, 1913; Arne Möller, "Islandsk Digtning i nyeste Tid og Danmark," *Hovedtræk af nordisk Digtning i Nytiden*, by Einar Skovrup, Kjöbenhavn, 1921, pp. 345-382; Sigurður Nordal, *Íslensk Lestrarbók*, Reykjavík, 1924; Einar Ól. Sveinsson, "Íslenskar bókmentir eftir siðaskiptin," *Tímarit Pjóðreknsfélags Íslendinga*, Winnipeg, 1929, pp. 127-171; Watson Kirkconnell, *The American Book of Icelandic Verse*, New York and Montreal, 1930; and Richard Beck, *Icelandic Lyrics*, Reykjavík, 1930.

his centenary which occurs this November will be the occasion of a national celebration in Iceland; for like Björnstjerne Björnson, Jochumsson was a man of the people deeply rooted in the soil of his country, as thoroughly Icelandic as Bjornson was Norwegian, and had devoted a long and fruitful life to the moral and the spiritual elevation of his nation. Icelanders abroad, not least on this continent, will also commemorate in suitable fashion the centenary of their great poet, who not only visited them, but on numerous occasions showed his profound interest in them and their welfare, and dedicated to them one of his most memorable poems.

Jochumsson's life was eventful, rich in varied experiences; hence his story makes captivating reading. He has himself told it interestingly and effectively in a series of autobiographical sketches, *Söguklaflar af sjálfum mér* (Akureyri, 1922).²

He was born November 11, 1835, at the farm of Skógar in Breiðifjörður in western Iceland; he was the son of a farmer of small means, but came of a splendid stock. He grew up in impressive and historic surroundings, the scene of *Gull-Póríssaga* (*Dorskfirðinga saga*), which have, as he himself emphasizes and his poetry amply testifies, left many marks on his outlook upon life and his literary production. During his earlier years he tried his hand at many things; he engaged in farm work in the rural district where he grew up, was a fisherman, and for some years clerk in a village store. His literary interest awakened early, and he read widely during these years of varied activities. At the age of twenty-two he went to Copenhagen for the purpose of preparing himself to become a merchant. His literary inclination directed him, however, into more profitable channels culturally. He studied foreign languages; and read with avidity and enthusiasm classical, Old Icelandic, and contemporary European literature under the discriminating and capable guidance of Steingrímur Thorsteinsson, destined to become one of the leading Icelandic poets of the period and an excellent scholar as well, for more than a quarter of a century Rector of the College of Iceland at Reykjavík.³

After a very profitable year's sojourn in Copenhagen, Jochumsson returned to Iceland. With the assistance of friends and relatives he began his formal education shortly thereafter, and was graduated from the College of Iceland in 1863. He

² For his life see also: *Matthías Jochumsson* (11. Nóv. 1835—11. Nóv. 1905). Reykjavík, 1905, pp. 9-54.

³ About his life and literary career see: Poestion, *op. cit.* and his study: *Steingrímur Thorsteinsson, ein isländischer Dichter und Kulturbringer*, München und Leipzig, 1912; Guðmundur Finnborgason, "Steingrímur Thorsteinsson," *Skírnir*, 1914, pp. 1-10; Haraldur Nielsson, *Steingrímur Thorsteinsson*, *Andvari*, 1914, pp. 1-16; Þorsteinn Gíslason, "Steingrímur Thorsteinsson (Aldarmiðning)," *Lesbók Morgunblaðsins*, 24. maí, 1931; and Richard Beck, "Þýðingar Steingríms Thorsteinssonar," *Visir*, 17-23. maí, 1931.

studied theology, and in 1865, at the age of thirty was granted his degree from the Theological School. With the exception of several years spent in journalistic work and travels abroad, he served as pastor in various parts of Iceland until the end of the century, for a six-year period (1881-1887) at Oddi in southern Iceland, the historic seat of Sæmund the Learned (Sæmundr inn fróði) and his descendants, long an intellectual center.⁴ From 1900 until his death Jochumsson received from the Icelandic government an honorary pension and could therefore devote himself entirely to literary work. The spirit of adventure was, however, always alive in his heart, as was his desire to keep abreast of the spiritual and material progress of the greater world, outside his remote Iceland; therefore he made frequent journeys abroad, eleven in all. Thus he represented Iceland at the Chicago Exposition in 1893 and travelled extensively on the American continent, visiting many of the Icelandic settlements in the United States and Canada. These journeys abroad were for him a spiritual tonic, opened him new worlds of thought, and stimulated his creative urge.

On the occasion of Jochumsson's eighty-fifth birthday, in 1920, the University of Iceland conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, and the town of Akureyri, in northern Iceland, where he had resided over thirty years, made him an honorary citizen. But the aged poet was not long permitted to enjoy these well-earned honors; he died a week later. His funeral, which took place on December 4, was a solemn and impressive affair. The Icelandic people at home and abroad mourned the loss of its greatest contemporary poet and a profound interpreter of its rich literary and cultural heritage.⁵

Jochumsson was both a versatile and a prolific writer: a journalist, an essayist, a dramatist, and a lyric poet.⁶ His productivity as well as the richness and the variety of his literary production are particularly remarkable when one takes into

⁴ See: H. Hermannsson, *Sæmund Sigfusson and the Oddverjar* (*Islandica* XXII), Ithaca, New York, 1932.

⁵ See the memorial volume: *Erfiminning: ræður—crfíljóð—eftirmæli* (Matthías Jochumsson, 11. Növ. 1835—18. Növ. 1920), Reykjavík (Akureyri), 1921. Included are the notable funeral orations by Reverend Jakob Kristinsson and Reverend Geir Sæmundsson, a number of memorial poems, and the articles by Einar H. Kvaran and Sigurður Nordal referred to below.

⁶ About his literary career and works see: Þorsteinn Gíslason, "Matthías Jochumsson á skáldfáknunum," and Guðmundur Finnborgason, "Matthías Jochumsson við Líkaböng," *Matthías Jochumsson*, Reykjavík, 1905, pp. 78-112; Árni Pálsson, "Ræða," *Iðunn*, 1916, pp. 204-209; Sigurður Guðmundsson, "Matthías átræður," *Skírnir*, 1916, pp. 1-16; Sigurður Nordal, "Matthías við Dettifoss," *Eimreiðin*, 1921, pp. 1-10; Elfrkur Briem, "Endurminningar um Matthías Jochumsson," *Eimreiðin*, 1921, pp. 11-16; Kristján Albertsson, "Matthías Jochumsson," *Eimreiðin*, 1921, pp. 303-310; Einar H. Kvaran "Ræða," *Skírnir*, 1921, pp. 5-13, and "Nokkur Minningarorð," *Erfiminning*, 1921, pp. 129-156. Shorter estimates together with translations in German, Danish, and English respectively are found in the anthologies by Þóristeinsson, Hansen, Kirkconnell, and Beck previously mentioned.

consideration the conditions under which he labored. He did not complete his professional studies until at the age of thirty, and had, until he was sixty-five years of age, to cultivate his literary and intellectual interests in the spare time from the exacting duties of public office and the earning of a living for a large family. During his earlier years he was, moreover, repeatedly weighed down by great personal sorrows. A lesser man would have (at least in a degree) succumbed to such adverse circumstances; nor is it to be denied that Jochumsson's art and production have suffered from the hostile circumstances under which he was compelled to do his literary work.

For six years (1874-1880) he was the editor of the leading Icelandic weekly, *Pjóðólfur*, published at Reykjavík, through which he doubtless exerted considerable influence on public opinion in Iceland. Later (1889-1891) he edited the semi-monthly *Lýður* (The People) at Akureyri; and to the end of his days he contributed frequently to a number of Icelandic papers. His newspaper articles would fill several large volumes.

As an editor Jochumsson wrote especially on educational and literary subjects, also giving some attention to religion and church affairs. His discussions of the latter in the columns of his own and other papers were, as ever, characterized by his liberal views and his broad-mindedness. His educational theories were also progressive; he advocated the establishment of rural public schools and wrote in favor of educational institutions similar to Grundtvig's People's High Schools in Denmark, which he had studied extensively by means of a stipend from the government.

In politics Jochumsson's editorial policy was conciliatory. Never an ardent partisan, he steered clear of political quarrels, considering the interests of his country best served by following a middle course.

As a journalist he was therefore primarily interested in educating his countrymen and in thus furthering their spiritual as well as material progress. This is clearly stated in his first editorial where he says that he "wishes to arouse sane and impartial public opinion, a general progressive tendency in the land, based on liberalism, intelligence, and justice."⁷

Aside from his numerous essays in papers and periodicals, Jochumsson wrote three travel books: *Chicagó-för minn* (My Journey to Chicago, Reykjavík, 1893), *Frá Danmörku* (From Denmark, Kaupmannahöfn, 1906), and *Ferð uni fornar stöðvar* (Visiting Old Haunts, Reykjavík, 1913). The second one is the

⁷ *Pjóðólfur*, May 4, 1874. Cf. Þorsteinn Gíslason, *Matthias Jochumsson*, 1906, p. 38. In this article a sympathetic and fairly detailed treatment of Jochumsson's journalism is to be found (pp. 34-45). See also Jochumsson's autobiography, *Sögukarflar af sjálfum mér*, pp. 273-278. An interesting light on his political views is thrown by his letters to the Icelandic statesman and patriot, Jón Sigurðsson, *Skírnir*, 1921, pp. 13-19.

most substantial of these, a highly interesting collection of papers on Denmark, Danish history, literature, and culture, and the Danish national character as compared with the Icelandie. By far not the least interesting nor the least significant part of the volume are the numerous (about twenty) poems included, among which are his excellent poems about Roskilde Cathedral ("í Hróarskeldu dómkirkju") and Grundtvig ("Grundtvig").⁸ The last named of these books of travel sketches, *Ferð um fornar stöðvar*,⁹ is especially interesting and valuable for the light which it throws on the author's life and character and for the poems included, several of which are notable for their beauty and vigor. Generally speaking, Joehumsson's travel books are written in a lively, poetic style, characteristic of his prose writings. His private letters—and he was a tireless letter-writer—also eloquently bespeak the master of language and the highly gifted poet.¹⁰

In literary significance Joehumsson's dramas rank far below his best lyric poetry; nevertheless they are fully deserving of mention. His first drama, *Útilegumennirnir* (The Outlaws), written while he was still in college, 1861, and produced shortly after, in February, 1862, was a pioneer work in the field of Icelandie dramatic literature, the first noteworthy effort of its kind in Icelandie letters of that period. It immediately found favor with the theatre-going public, and has remained a popular stage play down to the present day.¹¹

Nor is its popularity surprising in view of its strong national appeal. Though recalling similar Danish and Norwegian dramas of the day, it is thoroughly Icelandie in theme, drawing heavily on native folklore. The plot is vigorous and spontaneous, interwoven with pretty and excellently wrought songs; these constitute the finest part of the play, still live on the lips of the Icelandic people, and have perhaps contributed most to the continued popularity of this first effort of the poet in the realm of the drama. Youthful and faulty as the play is, it clearly reveals considerable dramatic talent on his part.¹²

⁸ Also in the collected edition of his poems: *Ljóðmæli* eftir Matthías Jochumsson, Vol. V, Reykjavík, 1906, pp. 96-99 and 103-108 respectively.

⁹ Reprinted in *Sögukarflar af sjálfum mér*, pp. 391-436.

¹⁰ A selection from these together with his uncollected poems, is now in press under the editorship of his son, Steingrímur Matthfasson, M.D., who also edited *Sögukarflar af sjálfum mér*.

¹¹ About the writing and the original reception of this drama see Eiríkur Briem, *op. cit.*

¹² This drama was first published in Reykjavík in 1864. A revised second edition under the title of *Skugga-Sveinn*, appeared in Reykjavík in 1898. According to the author (*Sögukarflar af sjálfum mér*, p. 193) these changes, generally for the better, were made in accordance with suggestions by the Danish poet and theatrical critic, C. K. F. Molbech (1821-1888). Cf. the author's preface to the second edition of the play in question.

Later Jochumsson wrote five other dramas on contemporary life in Iceland and on historical themes. Despite the fact that some of these are much more substantial than his first dramatic venture, none have won public favor. The tragedy *Jón Arason* (Isafjörður, 1900), dealing with an important episode and a notable personage in the history of Iceland, is, however, probably all things considered, the author's most successful drama. The central figure, Bishop Jón Arason, is a character of no ordinary mould as was his historical prototype. Several of the minor characters (as in *Útilegumenn*) are also lifelike and memorable. The dialogue is frequently happy and effective, and there are scenes which linger long in the reader's memory. While this drama is more noteworthy for its poetical than its pure dramatic qualities. Carl Kuchler, who has written in considerable detail and with sympathetic understanding about Jochumsson as a dramatist, characterizes *Jón Arason* as a significant drama, the work of a true poet.¹³ Which leads to a consideration of Jochumsson's lyric poetry; here his genius flowered most fully, and here *the man*, no less than *the poet*, is seen to the best advantage in all his many-sidedness.

His first book of poems was the one volume *Ljóðmæli eftir Matthias Jochumsson* (Reykjavík, 1884). Some twenty years later a collected edition of five sizable volumes appeared: *Ljóðmæli eftir Matthias Jochumsson*, Vols. I-V, Seyðisfjörður and Reykjavík, 1902-1906. In 1915 a volume of selections: *Matthias Jochumsson, Ljóðmæli* (Úrvall), edited by Guðmundur Finnborgason, was published. Jochumsson also wrote a long narrative poem: *Grettisljóð* (Songs of Grettir, Isafjörður, 1897), based on the dramatic and tragic *Grettis saga*.¹⁴ Here are several individual poems and passages characterized by genuine poetic feeling, flight of the imagination, and mastery of form. Particularly beautiful are the poems in which Grettir's devoted mother, Ásdís, appears. Highly effective is also the much admired description of the coming of the ghost (draugur) Glámur, and his encounter with Grettir.

Jochumsson's lyric poems deal with a great variety of themes but many of them are occasional poems, centering around certain events. He has written a large number of patriotic poems, festive poems, and obituary pieces. Sometimes, as is only to be expected, his inspiration fails him, but much more fre-

¹³ *Geschichte der islandischen Dichtung der Neuzeit*, Part II (Dramatic), Leipzig, 1902, p. 56. Cf. Olaf Hansen's estimate of the drama, *Eimreiðin*, 1911, pp. 111-113. About Icelandic drama of the 19th century see also: J. C. Poestion: *Zur Geschichte des islandischen Dramas und Theaterwesens*, Wien, 1903.

¹⁴ Available in several English translations. See H. Hermannsson: *Bibliography of the Icelandic Sagas and Mino Tales (Islandica I)* Ithaca, New York, 1908 and *The Sagas of Icelanders (Islandica, XXIV)*, Ithaca, New York, 1935.

quently he succeeds in producing forceful and original poetry although uneven in excellence. A good example of the beauty and elevation of his poetry, when his inspiration is at its height, is the short poem "Lciðsla" (*Ecstasy*), reproduced here in Olaf Hansen's faithful Danish version:

Og Aanden til Höjfjældets Tinder mig bar,
som en Örn lod mit Öje jeg gaa,
og min Sjæl var som Kilden, var kølig og klar,
hverken Stöv eller Stövets jeg saa.

Jeg husker, at op gennem Klöfter eg steg;
der var Skred, der var Skrig efter Blod,
der var Taager og Trolde med lokkende Leg—
paa den höjeste Tinde jeg stod.

Jeg syntes, det var, som jeg alt havde lidt,
hva jeg kunde som skrobeligt Ler,
og som ud over Faren jeg havde mig stridt,
og i Hjærtet jeg bæved ej mer.

Jeg aandede Himmclens helligste Luft,
og jeg fyldtes af svulmende Kraft,
og hvert Frö mit Hjærté med skimlende Duft
blcv gyldent af glödende Saft.

Men min Sjæl var dog stille trods Kræfternes Spil,
ti i Ligevægt roligt de hang;
der var Brus i mit Sind, som jeg lyttede til
alle Guldharpers samstemte Klang.

Som Genesis' og Aabenbaringens Ord
laa Alverden med Guldskrift paa Blad,
og Dagstjærnen hilste saa höj og saa stor
som Guds Sön, da i Döden han bad.¹⁵

Jochumsson's nature poems are impressive in their grandeur, such as his magnificent description of Skagafjörður in northern Iceland, one of the country's most beautiful and historic districts. Here, as elsewhere in similar poems of his, he masterfully weaves the local historical traditions into the nature descriptions, thereby enhancing the general effectiveness and the impressiveness of the picture. Grim but compelling in its forcefulness and vividness is his poem "Hafisinn" (*Drift Ice*) describing the arrival of this "ancient foeman" of the poet's native land. Here is an uncommon richness of original and striking similes.¹⁶ In such poems, and that is characteristic

¹⁵ *Ny-Islands Lyrik*, pp. 141-142. Here are also translations, two poems from *Grettisljóð*, about Grettir and his mother, referred to above.

¹⁶ An excellent German translation is included in Poestion's *Islandische Dichter der Neuzeit*, pp. 463-465, as well as in his *Eislandblüten*, pp. 160-162, and an English translation (omitting the third and the last stanza) in Kirkconnell, *op. cit.* 154-156.

of him, Jochumsson paints his word pictures in large strokes. Generally he likewise writes best on the largest themes.

His poems on subjects from the history of Iceland, of which he possessed both unusual knowledge and penetrating understanding, are particularly noteworthy. He glories in portraying the great men in the history of his country, vividly picturing them at the most decisive moments in their career. No less notable are his elegiac and memorial poems, many of which rank with the greatest productions of their kind in the Icelandic language. Nor has any Icelandic poet, past or present, written as large and varied a group of such poems as has Jochumsson.¹⁷ Frequently, moreover, he succeeds admirably in individualizing the persons whom he makes the subject of his eulogy. As has been well observed, his sympathy was so great that his obituary poems may be said to be as widely different as were the people whom he wrote about.¹⁸

Jochumsson gives much thought to the deepest problems of human existence, life and death, and the hereafter. His religious poems and hymns, often reaching the highest peaks of inspiration, breathe deep faith and strong idealism. His inspired hymn "Ó Guð vors lands" (*Our Country's God*), written in 1874 for the millennial celebration of the settlement of Iceland, has deservedly become the Icelandic national anthem. Mrs. Jakobina Johnson's English translation retains much of the beauty and the elevated tone of the original:¹⁹

Our country's God! Our country's God!
We worship Thy name in its wonder sublime
The suns of the heavens are set in Thy crown
By Thy legions, the ages of time!
With thee is each day as a thousand years,
Each thousand of years, but a day.
Eternity's flow'r, with its homage of tears,
That reverently passes away.
Iceland's thousand years!
Eternity's flow'r, with its homage of tears
That reverently passes away.

Our God, our God, we bow to Thee,
Our spirit most fervent we place in Thy care.
Lord, God of our fathers from age unto age,
We are breathing our holiest prayer.
We pray and we thank Thee a thousand years
For safely protected we stand;
We pray and we bring Thee our homage of tears—

¹⁷ About this phase of his poetry see especially Guðmundur Finnboagason, "Matthías Jochumsson við Lískaböng," *Matthias Jochumsson*, Reykjavík, 1905, pp. 91-112.

¹⁸ Sigrún Ólafsdóttir Nordal, *Íslensk Lestrarbók*, p. 246.

¹⁹ Beck, *Icelandic Lyrics*, pp. 101-102.

Our destiny rests in Thy hand.
Iceland's thousand years!
The hoar-frost of morning which tinted those years,
Thy sun rising high, shall command!

Our country's God! Our country's God!
Our life is a feeble and quivering reed;
We perish, deprived of Thy spirit and light
To redeem and uphold in our need.
Inspire us at morn with Thy courage and love,
And lead through the days of our strife!
At evening send peace from Thy heaven above,
And safeguard our nation through life.
Iceland's thousand years!
O prosper our people, diminish our tears
And guide, in Thy wisdom, through life.

Equally beautiful and profound is the New Year's Hymn, from which I include three verses in the English adaptation by Professor Kemp Malone:²⁰

Fear not, though here be cold today
And worldly joys a feast fordone,
And all thy strength as driven spray,
For God is lord of earth and sun.

He hears the tempest's minstrelsy,
He hears the sleeping babe draw breath,
He hears the very heart of thee
And knows each throb from birth to death.

Ay, God is lord in every age:
He speaks, his creatures but give ear.
His words excite, his words assuage
The mighty deep, the secret tear.

Assuredly, Jochumsson has written some of the most beautiful hymns in the Icelandic language—hymns where deep and abiding faith, and rare spiritual insight are transmuted into the purest gold of lyric poetry.

The richness and many-sidedness of Jochumsson's literary genius, his unusual mental stature, is further seen in the fact that this great master of the grand style, the deepest and the highest notes of the poet's lyre, was equally capable of the lighter touch, the humorous and even the hilarious.²¹

Surveying Jochumsson's production as a whole, it is readily

²⁰ *The American-Scandinavian Review*, January, 1931, p. 23.

²¹ This side of his genius and poetry is discussed extensively, with appropriate illustrations, in Steingrímur Matthiasson's article: "f eftirleit bréfa og kvæða fóður mfn," *Eimreiðin*, 1931, pp. 389-399.

seen that his literary taste sometimes leads him astray. At his best he combines, however, startling imagery, not seldom reckless flight of the imagination, with profound thought. His style is forceful and eloquent. His mastery of his native tongue is astounding; in his hands it becomes a veritable harp of hundred strings.²² Small wonder that he has written in its honor the greatest hymn of praise clothed in its sonorous garb.

Equally great is his mastery of Icelandie verse forms, old and new alike. He is so steeped in Old Icelandie literature, possesses such spiritual kinship with the Icelandic poets of yore, that the ancient verse forms are as natural to him as the new ones. Not unecommonly he masterfully harmonizes, merges together, new and old metrical forms, words and phrases. In his resonant and challenging memorial poems on Björnstjerne Björnson²³ he dexterously inserts stanzas from "Hákonarmál" by Eyvindur Finnsson (skáldaspillir) of the tenth century. Similarly, the opening lines of his poem to Norway ("Norges-hvöt), written during a voyage northward along the coast of Norway, clearly recalls Sighvatr Þórðarson's famous tribute to King Olaf the Holy beginning: "Há þótti mé hlæja/höll of Noreg allan."²⁴

Thus Jochumsson bridges the gulf of the eenturies, in both aneient and modern. The continuity in Icelandie language and culture down through the ages aeeounts, of course, partly for this. Egill Skallagrímsson, the viking, and Matthías Jochumsson, the elergyman, though separated by ten eenturies, could readily exehange verse-lines, and understand each other completely.²⁵

It was this unusual mastery of his native language and of Icelandie verse forms, coupled with his poetic genius and a life-long desire to share with others his spiritual treasures, that enabled Jochumsson to enrich the literature of his country with translations of a number of major foreign masterpieces, including Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Romeo and Juliet*;²⁶ Byron's *Manfred*;²⁷ Ibsen's *Brand*; Tegnér's *Frithjof's saga*; and Topelius's great historical novel *Falts-*

²² Cf. Sigurður Guðmundsson, *op. cit.* pp. 8-9.

²³ *Skirnir*, 1910, pp. 97-110.

²⁴ Cf. Sir William A. Craigie's excellent translation of this in his article "The Poetry of the Skalds," *Scottish Review*, 1896, pp. 331-346; "All, me seemed, were smiling," etc.

²⁵ Cf. Árni Pálsson, *op. cit.* p. 207.

²⁶ His profound admiration for Shakespeare is amply seen in the poem which he wrote for the latters tercentenary commemoration, "Vilhjálmur Shakespeare 1616-1916," published together with an English translation by Israel Gollancz, Oxford University Press, 1917.

²⁷ The second edition of this (Reykjavík, 1916) contains a good bibliography of Jochumsson's principal works, except *Sögukaflar af sjálfum mér*.

karns berattelser (*The Stories of an Army Surgeon*), not to forget a vast number of shorter poems from the Scandinavian and other European languages. Of these may be specially mentioned his masterful rendition of Ibsen's "Terje Viken" and Runeberg's "Fenrik Stals Sagner."²⁸ Joehumsson's translations are not only memorable because of their great extensiveness and variety, but even more so because of their general excellency; he emphasizes faithfulness to the thought and the spirit of the originals rather than their letter, and for that very reason he most often succeeds admirably.

And now a word about the remarkable man behind the rich literary production which has here been briefly described and his view of life. Björnsterne Björnson once said: "The relation of a poet to his works should be like that of a bank to the currency it issues—there must be plenty of good securities in the vaults." As in Björnson's own case this was true of Joehumsson.²⁹ That is the testimony of those who knew him best,³⁰ and as such he reveals himself in his works.

Beneath his poetry beats a warm and tender heart; his poems always breathe a love of beauty, joy in living, and a rejuvenating spirit of optimism. His faith in God and love of his fellow man are the surging undercurrents of his poetry. The mighty torrents of a great waterfall impress him less than the tears of a child, (cf. his poem "Dettifoss"). Icelandic to the core, he was nevertheless a true cosmopolitan, who could justly have said: "Nil humanum a me alienum puto." He interested himself in things pertaining to the material and the spiritual progress of mankind. High and low, rich and poor are of equal concern to him because it is their humanity that matters. A man of deep faith, he possessed at the same time in a rare degree an open mind, hospitable to new truths.

I had the privilege of knowing Joehumsson fairly intimately the winter before his death; he was then eighty-four years of age. I was greatly impressed with his mental alertness and his youthful outlook upon life and, of course, overwhelmed by his great genius and his strong personality.

I close with the following truthful and brilliant lines from a tribute to Joehumsson by Sigurdur Nordal:

"I said I had been most impressed by Reverend Matthías

²⁸ This was first published in a notable and popular volume of translations by Matthías Jochumsson and Steingrímur Thorsteinsson: *Svanhvít* (Reykjavík, 1877 and 1913).

²⁹ About their relations see: Steingrímur Matthfasson, "Björnsterne Björnson og faðir minn," *Tímarit Þjóðrafnisfélags Íslendinga*, Winnipeg, 1934.

³⁰ See especially Guðmundur Hannesson, "Séra Matthías Jochumsson hefma á Akureyri," *Matthías Jochumsson*, Reykjavík, 1905, pp. 55-77 and Einar H. Kvaran, "Ræða," *Skírnir*, 1921, pp. 5-13.

Jochunisson of all men whom I have learnt to know. I came to know him best a little better than a year before his death. He was then infirm, his eyesight impaired; but his understanding was keen, his mood cheerful, his heart warm. No man has proved to me so conclusively that the spirit is superior to matter and life stronger than death. Here was a soul which was not a flickering flame on a nearly burnt out candle. It reminded me rather—and you must pardon if the simile is too far-fetched—of a young hawk, in an old and decayed nest, ready for flight.”³¹

³¹ *Eimreiðin* 1921, p. 10.



Manitoba in Transition

By the HONOURABLE J. S. McDIARMID,
Minister of Mines and Natural Resources.

The economic history of Manitoba dates from a period shortly after the dawn of the nineteenth century when the Earl of Selkirk dreamed of Empire in Northwestern America and with the characteristic energy of that era transplanted from their native Scottish glens a colony of hardy agriculturists to "Red River." The first of these settlers arrived in the summer of 1812 and there laid the foundation of the future Province of Manitoba in the area now largely included in the City of Winnipeg.

Like many another dream of Empire in new lands Selkirk's vision of a prosperous agricultural community waited long years for fulfilment. The agricultural training of the early pioneers was not of the kind that was readily adaptable to conditions as they found them in their new world. Difficulties of production and lack of an available visible market for products of the soil had the inevitable result of forcing the colonists into other lines of effort.

Those who resisted the urge to migrate south and east to lands of apparently greater opportunity remained in the colony to enter the fur trade and it was 64 years before the first shipment of wheat left Red River but with this first shipment of wheat in 1876 the agricultural era of the province dawned and wheat farming drew thousands of settlers to the province until by the end of the century Manitoba No. 1 Hard Wheat had become the standard of quality in the grain markets of the world and the annual production of this cereal alone reached almost a hundred million bushels. From that point onward agriculture became of a more diversified and intensive nature. Stock raising and the development of the dairying industries marked its progress until exclusive wheat growing became a memory and agriculture in its broadest sense held the centre of the stage.

But the earliest of all activities of the province—the fur trade—continued a thriving industry. Even today in spite of the encroachment into the forest fastness by the settler, the fisherman, the surveyor, the engineer, and the miner the fur trade still produces new wealth to the extent of 2½ millions of dollars annually and the Winnipeg fur auction sales are the mecca of scores of buyers from the large eastern cities on both sides of the International Boundary in their search for the finest in raw furs.

During this period also the wealth of the three great fresh water lakes was explored and with the advent of another group of pioneers to the shores of Lake Winnipeg from far away Iceland in 1875, the

fishing industry prospered greatly until today Manitoba whitefish, Lake Winnipegosis pickerel, and the delicate and delicious Manitoba goldeyes appear on the menus of the finest hotels as far east as the cities of the Atlantic seaboard.

But in the summer of 1917 the Province of Manitoba shipped its first gold and with that shipment turned the attention of the world from its relatively small agricultural area to its great, largely unexplored and wholly undeveloped, Northland where a hundred and fifty thousand square miles of Pre-Cambrian mineral bearing rock had been trodden unnoticed by hundreds of feet for a hundred years. With this ten thousand dollar shipment of gold bullion the mining era in the economic development of the province began.

It has been said that whenever a new country is ripe for development Nature beckons with a finger dipped in gold. How then can progress in mining development in this new country be better measured than in terms of the same precious metal. The following figures tell the golden story:

Manitoba Gold Production, 1917 to 1935

1917	440 fine ounces, valued at \$	9,095.00
1925	4,689 fine ounces, valued at	96,930.00
1928	19,813 fine ounces, valued at	409,571.00
1931	102,969 fine ounces, valued at	2,128,558.00
1934	132,321 fine ounces, valued at	4,565,075.00
1935	145,469 fine ounces, valued at	5,119,054.00

NOTE—During the past two years the premium on gold unduly affects the price comparison.

Manitoba produces a wide range of metallic mineral chief among which and the value of the annual production of each in 1935 was as follows:

(1930 values are included to mark progress)

Gold	\$479,400.00	\$ 5,119,054.00
Silver	34,114.00	811,754.00
Copper	215,018.00	2,921,490.00
Zinc	139,757.00	1,627,326.00
Selenium	7,353.00	129,502.00
Total	\$875,642.00	\$10,609,126.00

NOTE—The Selenium figure quoted for 1930 is actually the 1931 production of that metal as it was first produced in that year.

Metallic production in the province has, therefore, increased ten times in the past five years and those five years marking a period of the greatest economic depression our country and possibly the world has ever known.

In 1934 fifty-one active mining organizations were working in Manitoba fields and that number has considerably increased during the year just closed. About a round dozen of these are actually producing metal and the balance are in the various stages of development

toward ultimate production. The year 1935 was marked by the advent of one more major gold producer. 1936 will usher in two or three more. Older properties which have been in production for some time report conditions as greatly improving due in part to experience gained during their brief period of operation. The future of the mining industry in Manitoba looks bright indeed.

Manitoba is well on its way in its transition from a purely agricultural province to a province where industry and particularly the mining industry will play an increasingly important part and the next few years may conceivably hold for the mining industry a position of equality in the field of primary production. Whether or not it reaches so high a position mining is an anchor to windward and will influence the economic development of the province more than any other single factor in the years which lie immediately before us.



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Valedictory Speech

*Delivered at the Graduation Exercises of Jón Bjarnason
Academy, May 27th, 1936.*

By JÓNAS THORSTEINSSON, Gr. XII.

Ladies and gentlemen:

I feel that it is a great privilege and honor to have been chosen to convey this valedictory message to you, on behalf of the Grade Twelve students of the Jón Bjarnason Academy. When we students contemplate the fact that we are about to complete another year of school, many thoughts of aspiration, determination and speculation arise in our minds. The nearness of the examinations does not greatly obscure our vision of the future or our understanding of the present. The product of these reflections, I will now, in a few comprehensive words, endeavor to express.

To us, Graduation Day has a twofold significance. Firstly, it marks the culmination of ten months of consistent effort on the part of our parents, our teachers and ourselves, resulting in a definite and substantial step upward in our moral and intellectual development. It observes, by a solemn and impressive ceremony, the occasion of an accomplishment of which, I believe, we may feel justly proud. It brings together all the parents, guardians and friends of the students, the faculty, and the students themselves in a common gesture for a common cause. Thereby Graduation Day recognizes our cherished aims, our endeavors and our achievements and expresses its approval of them. It makes us feel that we have not wasted our time in applying ourselves thus to studies, and that we have accomplished something worthwhile in the eyes of our friends. Because it thus strengthens our faith in the belief that ours is a worthy pursuit, it encourages us to more extensive and more worthy efforts.

In its second aspect Graduation Day is more sentimental but not less significant — it is a farewell. It is an occasion on which to say good-bye, in a formal manner, to our kind teachers, our jolly mates, our revered school, and the happy days in which all have played so large a part. It is a pity to think that we will no longer work and play together as we have so gayly and earnestly done. The few short busy weeks that remain will allow us but little of the good companionship and friendly co-operation that we enjoyed in the days that are gone, and these will soon be but a memory. In the future it will become a subject of pleasant reminiscence to recall the time and the place where duty and pleasure were so happily combined.

It will be a particularly unwelcome necessity to take leave of our teachers, for our associations with them have been exceedingly agreeable. Their worth of character, extent of exertions and depth of kindness can be praised only in superlatives. They have consistently poured their energies into their work in a very unselfish manner. They have ever been ready to help us in any difficulty, to encourage us when we were disheartened, and in general to display their sympathetic interest far beyond the point of obligation. Of their unflagging zeal and their unstinted expenditure of time and energy my feeble powers of expression can convey no just impression. Somewhere I have read that character is mainly moulded by the east of the minds that surround it. If this be true, then, by virtue of our contact with these teachers, there is good hope that our characters will turn out well. Through their influence we are better fitted for our task of making this a better world. They are well worthy of comparison with the great schoolmaster Thomas Arnold of whom his son wrote:

“Beacons of hope ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! At your voice
Pain, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The straggler, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave!
Order, courage, return;
Eyes rekindling, and prayers.
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Establish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the city of God.”

We students owe and do feel similar sentiments of gratitude and respect to the school itself. We are sensitive to and appreciate the inestimable boon it has conferred upon us. We realize that it has raised our educational standing, strengthened our moral character and formed the basis of priceless associations. What it has done for us it can do for others. I am certain that we all sympathize with its struggle and will always do our utmost to encourage its continued existence and well-being. Let us then join in wishing long life to the Jón Bjarnason Academy.

One frequently hears the question: Of what use is an education? It no longer ensures its possessor with profitable employment. Why then do people go to the trouble of acquiring one? We students naturally would like to present a defence

of our position. To begin with, although it is only too true that an education does not guarantee an independent living at present, we are not so pessimistic as to believe that this abominable state of affairs will continue long, and we are preparing ourselves to take advantage of the time when it shall not. On the other hand, we realize that education has a value of its own. That is, it is not merely a means of gaining some other desirable end, but is a worthwhile end in itself. An eminent authority states that education is the organization of knowledge into human excellency. It is not, therefore, a mere accumulation of knowledge but the art of making living an art. For these reasons we feel satisfied that the expenditure of time and expense in acquiring an education is justified.

The present is a fitting occasion for us students to express our heartfelt thankfulness to our parents and guardians for all the acts of love and sacrifice they have performed in providing us with an education. For many of them it has been a hard pull. Their tender devotion to our interests places us in a position of great responsibility. Their trust in us demands that we pledge ourselves to live clean, honorable lives; not merely avoiding evil but performing as many worthy actions as possible. Our parents have paved the way. We are under a moral obligation to travel upon it, and I trust we always shall.

When we emerge from the quiet sanctum of the Academy's walls, those of us who do not continue our academic education will find, more keenly perhaps than hitherto, that the present economic situation is not all it might be desired to be. It will be exceedingly unpleasant to find that after the preparation in which they have invested no little effort and expense, it may be difficult to find a job. We who scarcely remember what it was like before the depression may not be fully aware of the seriousness of this matter. We have become so accustomed to hearing talk of unemployment, its alleged causes, and the conflicting cures suggested. We grow tired of it. It seems so futile. We cannot, however; we must not, take this indifferent attitude. These problems too intimately concern our future well-being. We must not forget that the demand for pioneers has fallen off only with respect to the discovery and settlement of land. New and more glorious fields of exploration and promised achievement demand the attention of our adventurous spirits, our thoughts, and our labor. The possibilities are great. Let us not fail to redeem the sacrifices of our parents, the toil of our teachers and the honor of our school. As the poet Browning expresses it:

"No, at noon-day in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be
'Strive and thrive!' Cry, 'Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!'"

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The Bardal Cup

Many years ago Mr. A. S. Bardal, a prominent Icelandic business man in Winnipeg and a member of the Board of Directors of the Jón Bjarnason Academy, donated a large silver cup to the school. In accordance with the wishes of the donor and regulations with respect to its use passed by the Board, names of students have been engraved on it from year to year. That student who has the highest average in each grade in the school examinations at Christmas and Easter each year, has his or her name inscribed on the cup, provided his attitude to school life and studies has been satisfactory. Sometimes two students lead the class so that there is almost no difference between their marks. In that case both names go on the cup. The record of such students is complete from the beginning year, 1913-14.

The cup has encouraged good work among the students. They have always considered it a great honor to have their names distinguished in this way. At the Graduation Exercises the winning students have always been presented to the audience.

The following list gives the complete record to date:

1915	Jón Gilbert Jónsson Kristín S. Pétursson Skáli Hjörleifsson	1923	Herman Melsted Pórður Hólm Guðfinna Ólafsson
1916	Guðrún Rafnkelsson Wilhelm Kristjánsson Jón Gilbert Jónsson	1924	Emilie Sumi Ragna S. Johnson Charlotte Ólafsson
1917	Halldór Stefánsson Lilja Johnson Hólmfríður Einarsson	1925	Ingibjörg S. Bjarnason Emily Sumi Halldór Bjarnason Svanhvít Jóhannesson
1918	Helga Guðmundsson Kristín Johnson Jón Straumfjörð	1926	Harold Jóhannsson Christine Helgason Milton Freeman Ástrós Johnson
1919	Harald Stephenson Leslie Peterson Vilborg Eyjólfson	1927	Signý Bardal Harold Gislason Harold Johannsson Lillian Thorwaldson Anna Marteinsson
1920	Theodís Marteinsson Einar Einarsson Harald Stephenson Leslie Peterson Kristbjörg Oddson	1928	Emily Helgason Harold Gislason Harold Johannsson Roy Ruth Arelfus Ísfeld
1921	Hermann Marteinsson Tryggvi Björnson Harald Stephenson		
1922	Jónfna Stefánsson Ruth Bardal Tryggvi Björnsson		

1929	Jónína Skafel Zella Rathbone Arelfus Ísfeld Roy Ruth Andrea Sigurjónsson	1933	Anne Klippenstein Eloise Robinson Enid Beddington Leonard Wenham Lowisa Bailey
1930	Solveig Kirby Zella Rathbone Jónína Skafel Signý Stephenson Ólafía Pálsson	1934	John Bigourdan Hugh Macfarlane Friðrik Obermann Gestur Brandson
1931	María Thomsen Ágúst Ísfeld Fanny Avery Isobel Hornbeck	1935	Thora Gislason Sybil Robinson John Bigourdan Hugh Macfarlane Betty McCaw
1932	Helen Vopni Lawrence Eyólfson Leonard Kernested Jóna Margaret Sigurdson	1936	Thomas Finnbogason Lillian Griffiths Marguerite Randall Janet Porter Jónas Thorsteinson Mable Gillies



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Don't flinch, flounder, fall over, nor fiddle, but grapple like a man. A man who wills it can go anywhere, and do what he determines to do.—*John Todd*.

The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.—*Lloyd Jones*.

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Man becomes greater in proportion as he learns to know himself and his faculty. Let him once become conscious of what he is, and he will soon learn to be what he should. —*Schelling*.

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Half the joy of life is in the little things taken on the run. Let us run if we must—even the sands do that—but let us keep our hearts young and our eyes open that nothing worth our while shall escape us. And everything is worth its while if we only grasp it and its significance.—*Victor Cherbuliez*.

There is no moment like the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry and scurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence.—*Maria Edgeworth*.

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Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings.

—Samuel Johnson.

Adversity is a medicine which people are rather fond of recommending indiscriminately as a panacea for their neighbours. Like other medicines, it only agrees with certain constitutions. There are nerves which it braces, and nerves which it utterly shatters.—Justin McCarthy.

I think that to have known one good, old man—One man, who, through the chances and mischances of a long life, has carried his heart in his hand, like a palm-branch, waving all discords into peace—helps out faith in God, in ourselves, and in each other more than many sermons.—G. W. Curtis.

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Let the farmer forevermore be honored in his calling; for they who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God. — *Thomas Jefferson.*

Whoever serves his country well has no need of ancestors.
— *Voltaire.*

He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries a thread that will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life. The orderly arrangement of his time is like a ray of light which darts itself through all his occupations. But where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos, which admits of neither distribution nor review.— *Hugo.*

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There is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life and live it as bravely and faithfully and cheerfully as we can.—*Henry van Dyke*.

Success lies not in achieving what you aim at, but in aiming at what you ought to achieve, and pressing forward, sure of achievement here, or if not here, hereafter.—*R. F. Horton*.

All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him since first he was made of the earth as they are now; and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow, and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over plowshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray — these are the things that make men happy.

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Children are much nearer to the inner truth of things than we are, for when their instincts are not perverted by the superfine wisdom of their elders, they give themselves up to a full, vigorous activity. Theirs is the kingdom of heaven.—*Fredrich Froebel*.

Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in others.—*Thomas Hughes*.

The wise man must remember that while he is a descendant of the past, he is a parent of the future; and that his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die.—*Herbert Spencer*.

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A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.—*Chesterfield*.

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The winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.—*Gibbon*.

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.—*Disraeli*.

The important thing in life is to have a great aim, and to possess the aptitude and perseverance to attain it.—*Goethe*.

Books are the ever-burning lamps of accumulated wisdom.—*G. W. Curtis*.

Men and nations can only be reformed in their youth; they become incorrigible as they grow old.—*Rousseau*.

The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do.—*James M. Barrie*.

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People do not lack strength; they lack will.—*Victor Hugo*.

Resolve to cultivate a cheerful spirit, a smiling countenance, and a soothing voice. The sweet smile, the subdued speech, the hopeful mind, are earth's most potent conquerors, and he who cultivates them becomes a very master among men.—*Hubbard*.

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Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education.—*Mark Twain*.

True merit is like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes.—*Halifax*.

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Whether you be man or woman you will never do anything in this world without courage. It is the greatest quality of the mind next to honor.—*James L. Allen.*

Work has made me what I am. I never ate a bit of idle bread in my life.—*Daniel Webster.*

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When a firm, decisive spirit is reeeognized it is curious to see how the spacee elears around a man and leaves him room and freedom.—*John Foster.*

Search thy own heart; what paineth thee in others in thyself may be.—*J. G. Whittier.*

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